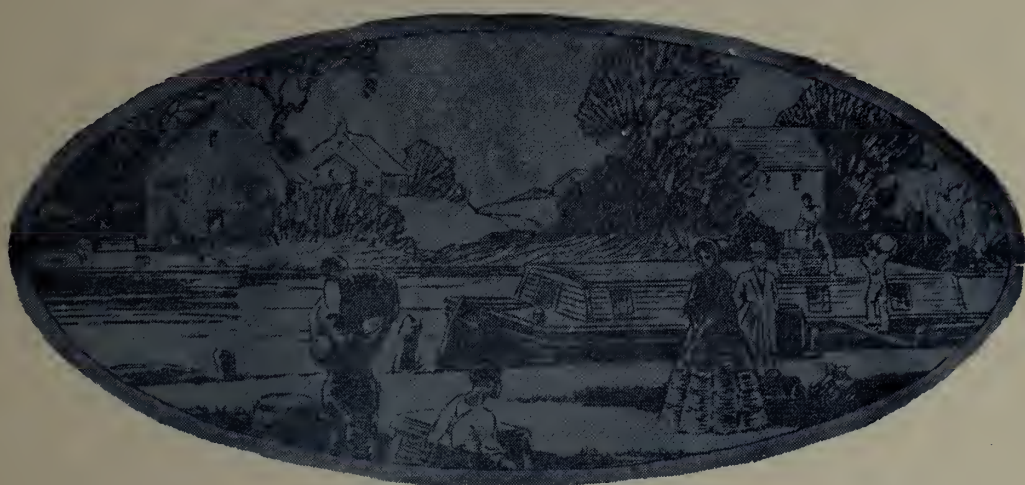


" As I remember ... "



"As I remember ..."

By

WINIFRED J. RANDALL
WILLIAM P. BUCKLES
CHARLES FREESE
CHARLES M. COMPARET
JULIA BAKER STAPLEFORD

From

THE WINIFRED J. RANDALL COLLECTIONS

FOREWORD

By

Bessie K. Roberts

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1960

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FOREWORD

How would you like to go down to the old canal basin on Harrison Street and watch the crew take on the load of grain, flour, pork and whiskey? Or hear the captain call out in the night "Tow path hard!" or "Heel path hard!" in order to steer past another canal boat in a narrow passage on the way to Toledo?

These are some of the memories of the visitors and guests of the Randall Hotel over the years as Mrs. Winifred J. Randall, owner of the hotel, has recorded them. It became the practice of Mrs. Randall on the arrival of guests who had spent their youth in Fort Wayne, to get out her typewriter and ask them to tell in their own words what they could recall.

The result is a collection of reminiscences never before published. Out of these narrations, Mrs. Randall has been able to salvage firsthand accounts of the early taverns, river and canal days, the Hedekin House and the Hedekin family, early theatricals, schools, and places of business. The picture of Fort Wayne in the middle of the nineteenth century that emerges is not to be found in the history books.

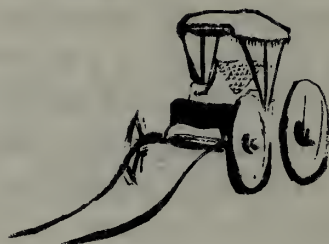
They are the word-of-mouth accounts of men and women who recollected from their childhood the tales that had been told them by their elders or events they had witnessed: Stephen A. Douglas riding in a carriage through the streets of Fort Wayne; Benjamin Harrison stopping here in his campaign for governor against "Blue Jeans" Williams.

This land of remembrance may appear to be a never-never land in time and pin-pointed by few dates. But what these memories contain are the picture of Columbia Street as "a sea of teams with wagons with canvas-backed tops loaded with all kinds of grain, turkey, deer and bear"; the smells of the tanneries all over town--"the odor was terrible!" Over all lingers the memory of the generous ones--the good surgeon who had a good heart and would operate on a man whether he was paid or not, the brave men who served all through the war; the pretty girls with rosy cheeks, the beautiful young girls; the price of chickens--fifteen cents, turkeys--sixty cents apiece. And the orphan children who found good homes among kind hearts in this community.

Since these are the spoken words, in order to preserve their vitality, we offer with very little editing the recollections of William P. Buckles, whose father leased the old Grand Hotel where the Randall stands today; Charles Freese, druggist, who lived as a child on Columbia Street three doors from Harrison; Charles Comparet, grandson of Francis Comparet and Capt. Dana Columbia; Mrs. Julia Stapleford, granddaughter of George Baker, pioneer, who came here from Hesse Darmstadt, Germany.

The account of "Early Taverns" was written by Mrs. Randall from her own recollections and research.

BESSIE K. ROBERTS



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EARLY TAVERNS

"Lillie" Tavern run by Samuel Lillie, was on Columbia Street, three doors east of Calhoun.

"Spencer" House started by John Spencer and conducted by Amos Compton.

"Dalman Hotel" 1836, afterward called "Kime" was built by John Trentman, Corner Wayne and Clay Streets. Destroyed by fire.

Other well-known early hotels were "The American", "The Franklin", "The Tremont", "The Hedekin", built in 1843; "The Rockhill", "The Palo Alto" and "The Custer". The Rockhill was begun in 1838 but was not finished until 1843, by William Rockhill at Broadway and Main (now a part of St. Joseph Hospital). It and the Hedekin were the first hotels in Fort Wayne to approach modern standards.

"The Palo Alto", 1839, built by Frank Rohle, opened as a tavern in 1840. It passed into the hands of George Maier. It burned on the 26th of April, 1885, at 3 o'clock A.M. J. B. White built the Fruit House on the site.

"The Aveline", built in 1860, was destroyed by fire in 1908.

In the early days of the United States, the difficulties of travel between different sections of the country seemed insurmountable. It was the work of the first half of the Nineteenth Century to solve at least in part, the problem of transportation.

Hotels in those days, as now, were dependent upon the travelling public for their existence, and it was a matter of vital importance to a hotel to know that means of transportation were adequate, and that their establishment was located in a place easily accessible to the public.

Fort Wayne, from the time of the evacuation of the old fort, had been the gateway for the commerce from Lake Erie to the Mississippi. The canoe, the pirogue on our rivers, the portage connecting them, were supplemented in time by the canal. Next came

a system of railway lines which in one day could transport more merchandise and products than had been handled by the traders and trappers in a quarter of a century. Fort Wayne grew slowly until the opening of the Wabash and Erie Canal in 1843. Many were attracted to the town through the reputation the canal brought to this central point of trade. All lines of enterprise took on new life in the growing village of Fort Wayne.

In fact, this city is indebted to Samuel Hanna more than to any other pioneer for the promotion and completion of the canal; and later for the combining of the three railroads--Fort Wayne and Chicago--Grand Rapids and Indiana--Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago--into one, the Pennsylvania.

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It was in the year 1843--the year of the completion of the Wabash and Erie Canal that Michael Hedekin built the Hedekin House. He chose a site within a stone's throw of the docks of the Wabash and Erie Canal on ground which had formerly been a part of the Old Fort Site.

Mr. Hedekin was quick to see the possibilities of trade from the canal nine years after he had arrived in Fort Wayne from Ireland.

On the occasion of the opening of the hotel, a grand military ball was held--one of the memorable social events of the period. The "Silver Grays", a crack Detroit military organization, were in attendance. Calvin Anderson was the first landlord. The hotel proved to be the place of entertainment for many of the great of ante-bellum days. Beginning with Mr. Anderson's management in 1846, the place was notable for the absence of a bar or the sale of liquor.

April 15, 1861, three days after the fearful news of the firing on Fort Sumter, Franklin P. Randall, Mayor of Fort Wayne, called a mass meeting at the Hedekin Hall, adjoining the Hedekin House on the north. A committee composed of Hugh McCulloch, A. P. Edgerton, Samuel Hanna, Hugh B. Reed, Joseph Brackenridge, Pliny Hoagland and Lott S. Bayless, was appointed to prepare the following resolutions: "In the present crisis of our national affairs, there should be but one party in the State of Indiana,



Hedekin House Today (Foremost Tavern of Canal Days)

and that party should stand pledged before the country to uphold and sustain, by all the means in its power, the national administration--enforcing obedience to the laws preserving personal property and vindicating the honor of the flag."

In 1856, Samuel E. Curtis established a private banking business here with a capital of \$25,000 in silver. He safeguarded this sum by dividing it into equal portions to be placed in separate wooden boxes, stored in a room at the Hedekin House and guarded day and night while the banking rooms on the east side of Calhoun Street north of Columbia, were being prepared for occupancy.

A very good picture of the Hedekin House will be found in Robert Grafton's Mural entitled "The Wabash & Erie Canal", which is displayed in the north end of the lobby of the Fort Wayne National Bank, and depicts a lively, colorful scene of the "forties" in Fort Wayne at the beginning of the transportation period. In the foreground are men and women in their quaint dress on the dock of the canal where a packet had just tied up.

The Hedekin House erected on Barr Street, between Columbia and Main Streets, still stands as a reminder of the stage and canal packet days.

THE ROCKHILL HOUSE

At the time when there was a possibility of the Pennsylvania Railroad coming down Lafayette Street to the Canal, William Rockhill thought that building a hotel on ground he owned near Broadway might induce the Company to locate their depot near his property.

Mr. Rockhill started to build a very fine hotel. But as soon as the Pennsylvania Railway Co. started to run their tracks down Lafayette Street, he stopped work on the hotel. When the townspeople began poking fun at the unfinished building and calling it Rockhill's Folly, he finished the structure which was considered one of the finest hotels in the Middle West.

The building still stands as a portion of the St. Joseph Hospital. The opening was held in 1854, with Philo Rumsey as mana-

ger and landlord. The completed Rockhill House contained sixty-five rooms. When it stood uncompleted, it was used for fairs and other public gatherings.

Representative citizens from Fort Wayne and vicinity attended the formal opening which was very gay. The hotel maintained an omnibus line connecting with the railway depot. Its rural surroundings also provided many attractive features. Nevertheless, it proved to be a discouraging financial enterprise. In 1868 it became the nucleus of St. Joseph Hospital.

The first County Fair was given "at and about Rockhill's brick Tavern".

Stephen A. Douglas--the "Little Giant"--democratic candidate for the presidency opposing Abraham Lincoln, was entertained at the Rockhill House. Senator Douglas rode in the carriage of Frederick Nirdlinger, at the head of a great parade of torch-bearers. The following day, a great parade that required two hours to pass the reviewing stand was said to be the most remarkable in the history of the community up to that time.

THE RANDALL HOTEL

From 1870 to 1881 a hotel known as the Grand Hotel was operated on the present site of the Randall Hotel. From 1881 to 1891, it was known as the Robinson House. In the fall of 1873, James Robinson leased the hotel to J. H. Buckles, father of William P. Buckles.

Just north of the hotel and adjoining it were the Wabash and Erie docks at the place where the canal bed widened to form a basin of sufficient size for the canal boats which came down from Toledo to turn around. Mr. Buckles wanted the city to purchase the old canal for the city water works. At the time it could have been purchased for \$250,000 up to the Feeder Dam about six miles up the river.

The water for the hotel was pumped with a hydraulic ram from the basement to the fourth floor where it was stored. Two wells in the basement were used when the canal was too low to

furnish pressure for the hydraulic ram. The four Buckles boys and the hotel porter had to pump the water from the wells to force it to the fourth floor. The water was then carried to the rooms in pails from the taps on each of the floors.

The drinking water was kept in different locations in the hotel and ice water was always at hand.

The building was heated entirely by wood stoves and had no fireplaces. Wood was brought by the boatload up the Wabash and Erie Canal in four-foot lengths and was sawn on the premises by horse-power treadmill.

Horse-power was even used to run the elevator. A blind horse was turned loose in a twenty-foot room, fastened to an arm that kept the horse travelling around in a circle. The horse-power treadmill was a slanting platform with room for two horses as a rule. As the horses kept walking on this incline, they kept the platform moving which in turn kept the saws going.

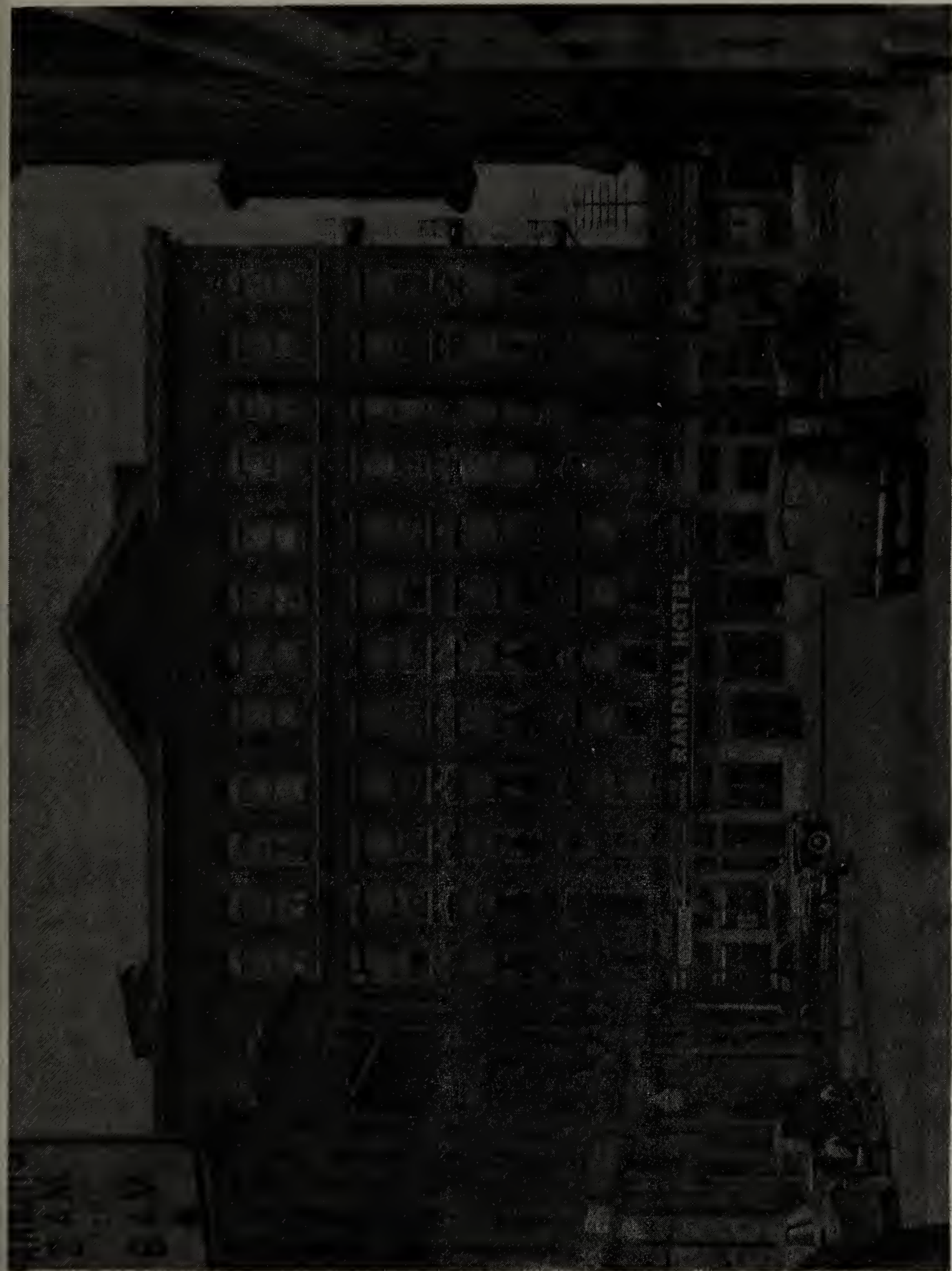
Coal was not known at the time for use in this locality. Two or three boatloads of wood were required for the winter.

Stoves were scattered throughout the halls and in some of the rooms. The east side of the house was easy to heat, but the west side was a problem. Mr. Buckles put a man to bed on the west side of the house one time in the winter. When he came downstairs in the morning, his full beard was a cake of ice. He claimed he had not slept cold, but his breath had furnished moisture that froze his beard. It got as low as 28 degrees below zero.

In this man's room there was a French door that opened out where a pulley probably was put to take up loads. Mr. Buckles recalled carrying the wood up the stairway two steps at a crack.

The lower part of the building where the grocery was later, was entirely open at that time. The upper part, though enclosed, was vacant. Formerly it had served as a granary. It was this room that was taken by the IKZ's, an organization somewhat on the order of the Shrine, formed by fun-loving young folks, but open to memberships of any age.

The initiation was something to be dreaded. Trap doors in the granary were used to drop the candidate through into the canal basin, with a rope fastened securely around him so that he could be rescued from his ducking. Once a year the society paraded the down-town streets carrying coffins in which skeletons and candi-



Randall Hotel Today

dates were placed.

In 1891, Perry A. Randall purchased the hotel, as a foreclosure proceeding was imminent on a first mortgage. Mr. Randall represented an eastern client holding a second mortgage and in order to protect his client from loss he felt it his duty to take over the property as he had recommended the loan.

Mr. Randall rebuilt and refurnished the hotel, making it very attractive and one of the leading first-class hotels of the central states. Mr. Dick Townsend, one of the most popular and capable hotel men was manager, whereupon the hotel became widely known as the best two-dollar hotel in Indiana. It was operated on the American plan.

The game dinners on Thanksgiving day were great events. All kinds of game and fowl were served with all the trimmings. At that time, all the bread was baked in the hotel and each morning light bread rolls, hot from the large brick oven, were served for breakfast.

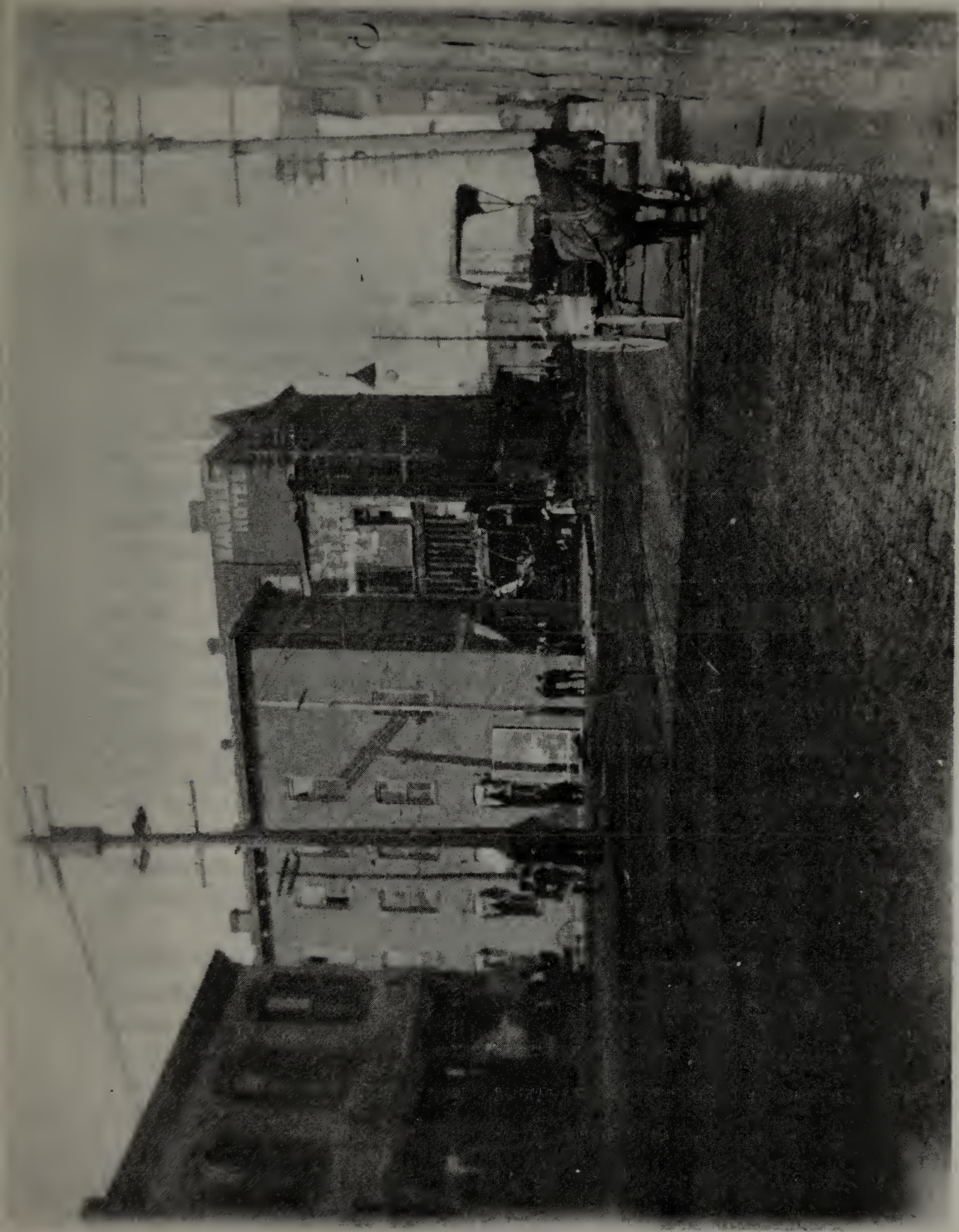
I believe that at that time the guests of the hotel ate at one meal almost as much as the ordinary person eats in a day.

Needless to say, the hotel was packed with guests. At that time the Wayne Hotel and the Randall Hotel were the leading hotels. Then came the building of the Anthony, the Keenan and the Indiana, and very naturally the eastern trade especially patronized these hotels.

Very dear to us are the old travelling men who have continued to come to the Randall Hotel, some of them after fifty-two and fifty-three years. The habit was formed years ago to bring them back to us year after year.

One by one they are passing away and a new and younger group is taking their place.

WINIFRED RANDALL



Randall Hotel after 1891

More About the Randall Hotel Neighborhood

William P. Buckles

The Randall was formerly a rooming house occupied by various families and run by James Robinson, the owner. There were seven children in our family when my father, J. H. Buckles, leased it to operate as a hotel. The hotel building then was three and a half stories, with the roof running east and west.

What is now 608 Harrison was the office. The reception rooms were where the office is now. The dining-room was back of the office, the laundry in the basement, and the kitchen in a two-story building in the rear.

There was no building on the corner of Harrison and Columbia. George Nill, a shoemaker, occupied the second room on Columbia Street. Next door was Louis Blase bakery, farmer's feeding place at the time, feeding by the hundreds. The next door east was Louis Schroeder, father of Louis and Charles Schroeder.

The next room was occupied by the first Variety Show in Fort Wayne, G. G. Brady's Circus. The seats were made from circus seats and it was about as tough a joint as ever came into Fort Wayne. The travelling-men that frequented that place were robbed. They had a green room connected with the place.

The next door was Paul's grocery run by the father of Henry Paul. The building at the alley was occupied by Fred Breel, a local horse breeder and fancier. A large barn in the rear of the lot was owned by the Exchange Hotel.

Next across the alley--which was a private one afterwards closed--was the American Hotel run by Mr. Schneider, afterwards The Tremont and The Wayne.

The next room to that was Goodman's saloon, then Meyer Brothers Wholesale Drug House. On the SW corner (Columbia and Calhoun) was the Nirdlinger Clothing house, called "The House of Fashion". The other corners were occupied by the George DeWald Dry Goods Co. NE, Henry Graffe's Jewelry Store, SE; Dryer Drug Store, SW. Where Moellering Wholesale House is, the Samuel Shoaff Saddlery Shop stood; the room west was Volland's Mill. Then there was a sixty-foot front building; next to it the Mayflower Mills, S. Bash and Sons; then Hill & Orbison Elevator which shipped

grain on the canal. This was where Shine Shoe Company had their wholesale room, and next west of that was a dock by the canal. The boats could come in there and get out of the regular canal, in this basin that reached west to where Harrison Street now is. Boats could turn on either end of the basin.

The Taylor warehouse was west of the hotel. Originally, the hotel had a frontage of seventy-five feet. The twenty-four feet north was added in 1881, when name was changed from The Grand to The Randall.

Years before the hotel was built, the basement of the building was used as a tannery. In those days they threw the hides into the vats and cured them. The odor was terrible; the town was full of tanneries. This one was operated by the Robinsons. The elder Mr. James Robinson had a long white beard, pure white, and his hair was white too. He was a fine old gentleman, but his son James had too much education--was not a successful attorney, nor a successful business man. In those days, Columbia was a good business street. Root & Co. was in the second block on Columbia Street, D. N. Foster, Morgan & Beach. Ed Coombs was on Clinton Street.

In 1873, we paid \$7000 per year rental for the Randall Hotel Building. The travelling men would take a sample room and stay a week, bringing their customers from Warsaw, Hartford City, and all of the surrounding towns, staying at the hotel at the travelling man's expense. During the panic, travelling men had a very difficult time. In those times a man earning \$1.50 a day thought he had a pretty good wage. In those days everyone had a cow, a pig, and no one need to do without eatables for the winter. Everyone raised chickens.

The Exchange Hotel operating on Main Street was afterwards called The Custer. Originally the busses all stopped at the Exchange Hotel, because that hotel had a barn. There was a bus running to Kendallville, Hicksville, and Bluffton.

The Meyer House on the corner of Wayne and Calhoun Street was operated by John Bull, afterwards George Myers. Originally opened by George J. Myers.

Under my father's management, The Grand Hotel was a Methodist Hotel, no liquor, no dancing.

General Harrison stopped at the hotel when he was nomi-

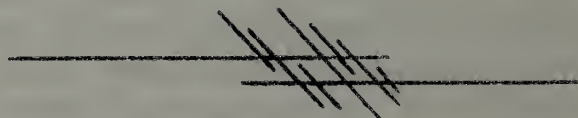
nated for Governor against Blue Jeans Williams. Buffalo Bill had been here any number of times. It was Theatrical Headquarters for the Colerick Opera House, located on Columbia Street. With three of my brothers I saw Joe Jefferson act Rip Van Winkel. We carried a wash Basket and a pillow to use as properties. We got down there and walked up and were ready to go in. They would not let us in and told us "One of you is enough". We balked and started back to the hotel when they said "O, come back!"

Some of the theatricals were: Haverly's Minstrel, Barlow, Primrose and West, Happy Cal Wagner Minstrel, Buffalo Bill and his outfit was here twice.

Operas were not known. They had stock company at one time--Jennie Hight Company. The old man, mother, boy, Jennie--leading lady. The tragedian's name was Prichard. They would stay for a season playing everything: East Lynne, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ten Nights in a Bar Room.

Those who attended were the Flemings, Hoaglands, Olds, Trentmans, McCullochs, Edgertons.

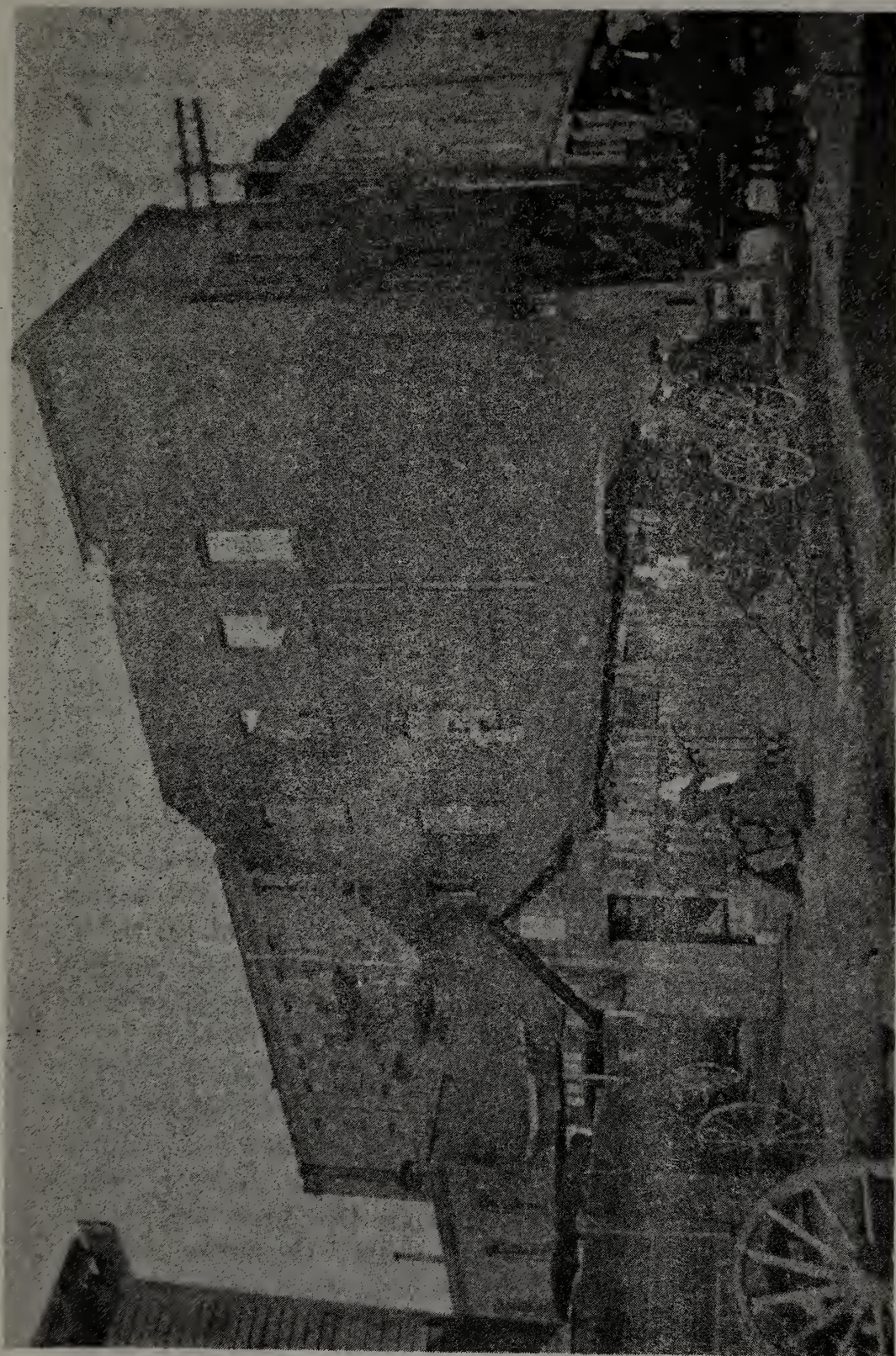
At those times, the beer and saloon business were taboo. I sold song books for Happy Cal Wagner.



Mr. Charles Freese Remembers

We lived in the third building on Columbia Street from Harrison Street. My stepfather was George Nill who operated a shoe shop. At that time The Randall was only a three-story building and two frame buildings on the north side. One had a driveway under the docks. The docks ran clear along the canal to Ewing Street. Back of the hotel was a feedyard where cord wood was loaded from the canal boats.

In one frame building there was a grocery store at that time. Above the grocery the IKZ's had their club-rooms. We used to duck them in the canal when they were initiated through a large door. Members were Peter Kiser, John Bass, R. J. Fisher, Townley, Charlie Rivers, Kover, Charles McCulloch. They finally disbanded because the initiations were too hard.



Randall Hotel (Then known as the Robinson House)

The Post Office used to be where the Spiritualist church is now.

Not too many years ago a wooden sewer ran down from Berry Street on Harrison under the Canal to the river.

When they excavated the sidewalk in the 600 block for a coalbin they found red top boots, green and enamelled leather, in a perfect state of preservation. All the ground around the hotel was a tannery--Robinson Tannery.

Next door south was Archer's Eating House and the next door to that was John Irwin Eating House. The horses were all put up in the livery barn back of the hotel. Jack Swayne had the livery barn.

Across the road on what is now Pearl Street where the Perfection Biscuit Company is, stood a livery stable run by Charlie Dunn. The hotel had all of the theatrical troops; Cal Wagner and other colored minstrels, Fields, Primrose and West.

Just across the canal was Nierman's brewery.

The old Bass Machine Shop was run by Bowser, Prentiss and Falls. The basin was located between the hotel and east to the Shine Shoe Store; the dock going east to Comparet's warehouse, just about where Pettit's warehouse is today.

The boats could not turn around between Fort Wayne and Toledo and came to the canal basin in Fort Wayne to turn. The docks were along the south side of the canal and the tow path on the opposite side. Raw sugar used to be shipped in hogsheads (the dark brown) from New Orleans. All along the Hill and Orbison dock there was usually a cargo of salt. Later on Smick M. M. & Son had a farm implement store. Along beside them was Nathan wholesale liquor business, Volland's mill, H. M. Ward Crockery Store, John Shoaff, manufacturer of saddlery.

On the south side of Columbia Street was the Blase Bakery, Louis Schroeder Saloon, William Carter Tin Store, Coombs Hardware, William Paul father of Henry (Grocery), Snider Hotel called the American House, next old Chris Neireiter, saddler, John Goodman saloon, Meyer Brothers Wholesale Druggist, and on the corner was Nirdlinger Brothers Clothing Store, the father of Sam, Pete and Max. On Harrison there was nothing except a blacksmith shop on the corner of Pearl. Four or five different people ran a grocery store where Coverdale and Archer stood, all before 1870.

A fisherman, Tom Hogan, set a net every Thursday in the canal from Ormiston Mill to Harrison Street to catch fish to supply the hotels. He would pick out all of the large fish and leave the small ones on the bank to die. This caused such a smell that he was compelled to quit fishing.

In 1873 Esmond and Dennis had a warehouse where the grocery store now is. My brother and I worked in the warehouse in 1873 shelling corn by hand to be shipped to Toledo with wheat.

SYNOPSIS OF THE HISTORY OF THE WABASH AND ERIE CANAL

Fort Wayne, Indiana, Nov. 13, 1928

Charles M. Comparet

In the early days of the Wabash and Erie Canal there were packets on this canal which hauled passengers and freight. These packets were drawn by horses and mules and they were changed every ten miles when a fresh team would be put on. The boats were light and the horses would trot along swelling the water so it would run all over the tow path. The tow path was on the north side of the canal from Fort Wayne to Defiance, Ohio, and the boats had to go through seven locks and then locked down into the Maumee River. There the horses were taken around to the tow path again and the tow line was hitched again to the horses and the boats were towed to Napoleon, Ohio. From there they were taken down the river to Perrysville, Ohio, and a small tug would tie to the boat and take it down to Toledo. That was the end of the packet line.

At the junction of the Wabash and Erie Canal at Junction City, Ohio, a packet line was run to Cincinnati; from Fort Wayne south they ran as far as Evansville, they run back, turn around and go on to Toledo again.

Four of these boats were named the Hugh McCulloch, the D. F. Comparet, the Henry Paul, and the George Little. After the packet days--and this was after the Wabash railroad came into

Fort Wayne--the canal boats used for hauling grain were made at Fort Wayne and Defiance. There were twenty-seven boats running from here to Toledo, from here to Logansport, then south to Evansville. It was a great curiosity to see in an early day the crowds of people that gathered along the canal. A crew on the canal boat consisted of a captain, a bowsman, two steersmen, two drivers and a cook; sometimes a man cook and sometimes a woman cook. These boats were made with cabins in the front to sleep in, and the captain's room, two big midships to load the grain into, and in the middle of the boat a stable where they kept the mules. These boats were so constructed that they had sleeping quarters in the back part where they also ate.

In some places the canal was very narrow, and in case of a boat going west and a boat going east, the captain would holler out "tow path hard", or "heel path hard" and the boat would steer over so they could pass by. In these early days men made big efforts to get jobs on the canal. A captain was considered like a railroad man--conductors on passenger trains--are considered today, as being fine jobs. There were always plenty of men looking for jobs in the spring on this canal. There were some very fine men as captains: Captain Tim Donovan, ran the Stout; George Little on the Captain Columbia. The Comparet brothers ran the Gordon Green, and Hugh Haggerty ran the Fort Wayne. There were many others.

From six to eight miles apart was a lock and the boats would have to be locked through into the next level. At each one of these locks was a little grocery store and a lock tender: one man in the day time and one man at night. The dry dock at Fort Wayne was located near the site of Lindenwood Cemetery.

The "Atlantic" was built in Fort Wayne and the "King Brothers" in Defiance. After the canal was abandoned, these two boats were sold to some Chicago people, and were taken over the lake from Toledo to Chicago. They had a very hard trip. Tim Donovan was captain of the "King Brothers" and Hugh Haggerty the "Atlantic".

The Ormiston Basin was opposite the Randall Hotel, where the Beyer Brothers Grocery building now stands. The George Little Basin adjoining the Randall Hotel on the north. The boats would wind on at the basins, and take on their load of grain, flour, pork and whiskey. Crossing the canal at this point was a swinging

bridge; and a bridge was located at nearly every block.

The building at the basin along Harrison Street, on the north side, was occupied by the post office, and by the James Robinson shoe store.

These were the warehouses and grain mills along the canal on the north side principally: The Tresselt mill was at Clinton Street; The Orff Mill was the first on the west side of the city, located at Main and the canal opposite the aqueduct. The canal took the water through the aqueduct and the boats went through also to get on down. It crossed the St. Mary's River at Orff's Mill. Ranke and Blossard had a saw mill on the north side of the canal across from Broadway. There was a saw mill and a tannery on the north side--Fry's Tannery. Then Mr. Farrand had a tannery. An iron foundry--Bowser and Story--is now the Fort Wayne Iron Works. A little farther down was Chauvey's Wagon Works. Farther down the Tresselt Mills, then the Woolen Mills--French-Hanna & Co. Then came the Gas Works and after that the Baker Saw Mill owned by Henry Baker. This was all on the north side of the street.

On the south side was D. F. Comparet's mills and warehouses and the Comparet basin--a big basin. Up a little way from there was the Hedekin House and store and then on down across the street a few stores, Schlatters Hardware store. On down was Brandriff's Hardware Store. From there on to Harrison Street there was nothing but saloons. Over one hundred saloons were located inside of four blocks.

Tall, Blond and Terrific!

There was a gang of thieves here headed by Ed Ryan. Now Ed Ryan was a desperate man and his gang frequented mostly the Capt. Carey saloon at the Pennsylvania Railroad. This they ran until the Penn. Shopmen held a meeting and decided the saloon must go. They notified Carey that he must go and the Ryan gang with him. Carey refused with a note saying he would not go tacked up underneath the notice that the Penn Shopmen had tacked on a post near his saloon. The shop men finally burned down his place and he and the Ryan gang left. The gang had their stuff shipped away and they left on horseback.

Ryan was a tall man, weighed about 240 pounds, and 6 feet

tall, light complexion and good-looking but a desperate criminal. He was tried for murder eleven different times and acquitted. John Colerick was his attorney in most of the cases. Strange as it may seem, most of the young ladies in town were in love with him!

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The Hedekin House at that time was a fine hotel, all of the eastern trade stopping there. The other hotels in the city were the Kime House on the corner of Wayne and Clay Streets, the Old Fort Hotel on Lafayette and Main Street--a former hotel. There was the Exchange Hotel on Main Street between Calhoun and Harrison Street; then the Rockhill House on Broadway. Others were the Ross House on West Main Street, the Union House on Main Street, the Mayer House on Wayne Street and Calhoun, the McKinnie Hotel at the Pennsylvania Depot, the Phillips House on the corner of Lafayette and Columbia Street.

BOAT TRAFFIC ON THE CANAL

In the spring of the year they hired the crew and their first duties were to clean up the boat and paint. It took the whole crew to paint it in order to paint it quickly. After the paint was dry they would load the boats with grain and start out on their trip to Toledo. The first lock was called Moot's lock and the next was the Eight-Mile Lock. The next lock was twelve miles; and the next at Antwerp, Ohio, at the Reservoir. This Reservoir had about 3500 acres of land in it with a high dike all around. This reservoir was fed from the Canal and the water was used to feed the Canal from Antwerp to Defiance, Ohio.

At Defiance there were nine locks that let the boats down into the Maumee River. The mules were taken around that hauled the boats about half a mile around to the tow path; there the boats were taken down to Napoleon, Ohio; then went on down from Napoleon to Toledo where the Maumee river emptied into the lake. The boats were towed in by a tug and landed at the dock of some big warehouse where they were unloaded and their grain consigned to

some of these warehouses. Then they would reload for wayby stations and Fort Wayne.

Some days in the early days of the canal, boats would go down to Evansville, making all of the little towns between here and Evansville. In 1864 the southern line was abandoned and boats ran from Huntington to Toledo. It was a very beautiful ride if people liked slow travel. I had a grandfather living at the junction of the Wabash and Erie Canal and he had a big stone quarry and a big elevator. There were two big elevators at the junction of the Wabash and Erie Canal and the Ohio Canal. One went east to Toledo and one went south to Cincinnati.

At the stern of these boats where it was steered there was a stair way that went down into the cabin where all of the cooking was done and a couple of bunks where the two drivers slept. At the front part of the boat at the bow end there was another cabin where the captain, cook, and the rest of the crew slept. The bowsman's duty was to open up the locks, wash the deck every morning, and help the drivers to hitch up the mules. Should any of the crew be sick, the bowsman would take their place. No passengers were taken aboard. This was in the early days of the canal before there were any railroads running between here and Toledo.

In going down to Defiance they passed some very heavy woods, and it was not unusual to see deers drinking in the canal as the boats went along. Out near the reservoir there was a furnace where they manufactured iron. People from Buffalo had come, bought large tracts of land, and started quite a furnace. The charcoal was made in the woods, and they worked about 200 men in the furnace and woods. They had a couple of boats that hauled the iron in blocks to Toledo, then reloaded and went to Buffalo. This was quite an institution and a great many eastern people would ride from here to Cecil on the canal boats, stay a couple of days and come back. They were men that the iron works belonged to. These boats run for about ten years, the furnaces lasted 20 years until the wood to make charcoal was burned off, the furnaces abandoned and the land sold. The reservoir has been drained and sold for farm purposes, and makes one of the finest bodies of farm land in the state of Ohio.

When they changed the crews on the boats the bowsman played a horn. Boats were kept very clean and supplied with good

food. At every lock there was a grocery store where meats, flour, butter, sugar, coffee could be purchased. My father, D. F. Comparet was born January 4, 1828, on Columbia Street between Barr and Clinton. His father Francis Comparet owned an Indian trading post there. He also had a bank in the back part of the building and Mr. Hugh McCulloch was at the head of this bank.

My father attended school at Bardstown, Kentucky, and at Detroit, Michigan. His father educated him to be a Catholic priest, but in coming back to Fort Wayne he met my mother, then a girl of seventeen. They fell in love and at the age of 22 he was married to her. Her name was Sarah Columbia. At one time when my grandfather ran the hotel an Indian came and told him there was to be a raid on the hotel. So he gathered all his help and barricaded the door, and when they came about twenty strong, they gave them a wonderful reception with the shot and drove them away. My father afterwards went into the milling and grain business at the foot of Columbia and Lafayette Streets. He died in 1903 and was buried in Lindenwood Cemetery. There were six boys in the family: Joseph, David, Alexander, Theodore, Marcellus and Louis, now all deceased.

My mother's father was Dana Columbia and his wife's maiden name was Sarah Steinbach. They lived at the junction of the Miami and Wabash and Erie Canal. In their younger days they lived in Fort Wayne and ran a hotel where the Wayne Hotel now stands. They also ran a wagon works.

After the trouble with the Indians, he and his brothers built the wagon works near Broadway on Wayne Street. It was there that some of the pirogues were built. They made a fleet of pirogues to run to Toledo, Ohio. A pirogue is made out of a log some thirty and some forty feet long, set up on a skid to keep them off the ground to keep them dry and as they began to dry they were dug out forming a boat. This fleet was unusual as there was nothing like it in the United States. They would load these boats in the spring of the year with furs and run them down the river and on account of the high water they would float down about ten miles an hour. After they had unloaded their fur they came to Perrysburg and loaded up with groceries for Fort Wayne people. Then they would start back to Fort Wayne. Coming back it was against the current of the water and they had large poles made and they would have to push the

boats back with their loads.

The roads were almost impassable between here and Perrysburg and the only way that our merchants could get anything for the people to eat was on these boats. They had a small steamer that could attach to the boat and some places they could pull them but coming back it was all upgrade and they had to use the poles to push the boats up the stream and over the riffles.

Some times in the winter when there was a great deal of high water, these men with their paddles would steer their boats and they would take from two to three weeks to get back to Fort Wayne with the boats and their loads. Finally the canal was opened up, packets hauled freight and so the cities and little towns were given plenty of food and knocked the Columbia boat proposition out. They could go into the lake with these boats notwithstanding the roughness of the lake and the storms.

COLUMBIA STREET WAS NAMED AFTER DANA COLUMBIA

When the railroads came--first the Wabash, then the Pennsylvania--all freight that was not given to boats during the summer would be frozen in and everything shipped in the winter had to come by rail. Each pirogue employed about ten people.

Dana Columbia built a hotel where the Wayne Hotel stands now and it was made of hewn logs, very pretty. They fed about twenty people a day. There were about twenty rooms. The hotel was called the Columbia. The trade that came to the hotel were the travelling-men who came in on the boats selling shoes and groceries, the farmers that came in on wagons from one hundred miles away bringing grain, pork, all kinds of seed. They had big canvassed backed wagons with six and eight horses to a wagon.

A little story about a man by the name of Allison driving one of these wagons bringing clover seed, venison and turkeys that he hauled here to the warehouses and sold. A young beautiful girl asked him if he had any nice turkeys. She bought three of those turkeys paying sixty cents apiece, weighing about fifteen pounds

apiece. She was a beautiful girl about eighteen years of age. Her name was Mary Stinchcomb. Mr. Allison was a handsome man. To his big wagon were fourteen horses, with a boy by the name of Lewis riding the lead horse. Oftentimes in coming over from Winchester they would have to pry the horses out of the mud. This man got to liking Fort Wayne very much and went to work at Mr. Reed's drug store and hunted up the beautiful girl and was married to her. One of their great grandsons was an engineer on the Pennsylvania Road for a good many years. Mr. Allison died leaving two children.

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Among the commission merchants were the Comparet brothers who owned two big warehouses and a big six-story mill where they bought all kinds of grain and hides, killed and packed hogs and had one of the finest mills in the state of Indiana. They also had a big basin where the boats would back in and load their grain and flour. This was shipped to Toledo, then taken across the Lakes to New York.

When the railroads came, the old Pennsylvania Road ran down Lafayette Street to the warehouse, the engine using wood to make steam. Jesse R. Straughan was the first engineer on this train. It was then that Columbia Street was a sea of teams with wagons with canvas-backed tops loaded with all kinds of grain and wild game, turkey, deer and bear. Afterwards they built a roundhouse down where the Hawkins mission now stands. This was a great help to all of the commission men when the railroad was completed, getting their grain shipped about twice as fast as it could have been done by the boat. They all depended upon the grain men helping them out financially and grain was shipped in here for two hundred miles.

The Comparet Brothers were considered one of the big grainfirms of the country. Hill and Orbison, R. W. Taylor, George Little, Hugh McCulloch, Chris Tresselt, John Orff were considered the big grain men of the city, financiers of our town helping to make it grow.

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When my father nearly had his hand cut off, I recollect that I was playing under the arbor on the east side of the arbor. It was a beautiful moonlight night and all of the doctors were sent for. There were about seven and they all came down to our house. They hauled him down on a cot and a big wagon and it soon got noised around the city and there were over a thousand people there around the house. The doctors were very prompt about calling to see him and would come every morning at nine o'clock and for quite a little time there was a doctor every night all night. They had sewed the hand back on and after over a year it knitted back. My father was a fine penman. He had a chair built by Ben Towers Furniture factory with a rest for his arm on the left side and began to learn to write with his left hand. Before he died he was considered a very fine writer. He was complimented by people all over that came to do business with him about his handwriting.

The way he happened to have his hand cut off, he came down after supper as they were very busy in the mills and warehouses, and in the warehouse there was a big corn sheller which would shell twenty-five hundred bushels a day. The belt had got off the big pulley and Mr. William Baade was trying to put it on; he could not get it on and my father put it on. The belt caught him and drew his hand into the wheel and twisted it nearly off at the wrist.

It was three years before he got back to his work. It was a great loss to his business.

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In those days we had all kinds of nice meats for breakfast--chickens at fifteen cents apiece--we had chickens and gravy for breakfast. Nice maple syrup, jellies, nice home made bread and country butter, bread made in brick ovens outside of the house. The children would start out for school, going to a log school house near by, and taught by Miss Annette Putnam who died here recently at the Pixley home, ninety years of age. We studied from Ray's Arithmetic, studied Spelling, Geography and Reading. Had about sixteen in the school and all are dead except myself. The boys in the school built the fires; the school lasted about five hours in the day, two hours in the morning and three in the afternoon. Just had winter school, no summer school. There was only one other school

in the city, the McJunkin School. The school that I attended was on the corner of Coombs Street and Erie Northeast.

COMPARET HOME

In the morning we were awakened by a bell which called everybody up. At our home we had a big long table and all of the men and women would sit down at one time in our family. You could seat from 75 to 100 people at this table, a great big long dining-room. We had ten or fifteen hired men and four hired girls. Our house was of twenty-two rooms. We had four rooms in the basement and a big dining-room, cellar made of stone; a big hall running through the center of the cellar; the well right outside of the house, beautifully framed in, a big porch forty feet long on the back, a small porch on the front. A second floor on the west side was a big double parlor full length of the house, with a big hall running through the center and beautiful steps up through the house. On the east side of the second floor there were four nice large rooms. On the south side there were two large bedrooms. On the north side there were two very pretty sitting rooms looking out on the canal and river and onto a beautiful flower garden, with all kinds of fruit--seventeen acres--in it.

On the third floor there were five sleeping-rooms, large. On the upper floor was a big room clear across the house running from east to west and north to south that could sleep twenty men or women.

This house was made of brick burned on the place. The front part of the yard was a flower garden, back part was fruits of all kinds. The stone was quarried on Jackson's farm two miles out. The glass was shipped here from Cincinnati. All of the fine finish was made in Cincinnati, put up by a man by the name of Stephen Sithen and helpers. The front part of the house led into four big walks, beautifully gravelled. The north walk ran to the canal, the east and west walk ran to the fences on the east side of the house.

We had a big barn lot on the south-eastern part of the

ground. The barn would take care of 100 horses or mules off of the boats, take them down there and turn them out in big sheds. When it was raining and bad they would be gathered into these sheds. Some of the mules were used to haul flour and grain from the corner of Lafayette and Columbia Streets where my father's warehouses and mills were, to the Pennsylvania Railroad, loading it then into a car which would hold about 100 barrels of flour to be shipped east. Some of it was going to New York, some to Philadelphia and to other cities. Nothing going west, all going east. It took two or three days to load a carload of flour and six mules and wagons hauling the flour.

Some seasons they would stall a half a dozen times going up to the depot and the mud would be hub deep. All of the grain and meat were loaded in the winter that way.

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There were three large sand hills in the city limits, one was across from the Courthouse near the old Hamilton National Bank. It was called by the Indians the "Mountain of Sand." This sand was taken away by teams to make ballast for the plank road from Bluffton to Fort Wayne and for fill. The next one right across from the Masonic Temple on Clinton and Washington Street on the northwest corner. After they had moved the sand Mr. Peter P. Bailey was very prominent in this city and a Judge of the Circuit Court, built a beautiful home there. Dr. Ayres had a home there. On the opposite corner was Joseph Brackenridge one of the prominent lawyers in the city. Next to that was Frank Aveline's beautiful home that he had built.

Mr. Aveline had four sons and two daughters. They were prominent in church work and prominent in all kinds of the work in the city such as helping the poor and relieving the distressed. Mr. Frank Aveline afterwards built the Aveline Hotel on the corner of Berry and Calhoun Street.

Peter P. Bailey had four children, one girl married Fred Gorman and two boys that were in the regular army. One was a captain in the Indian war and the other was a captain in the Civil war. Clarence Bailey one of the boys was a General in the last war--the Worlds' War. He was a fine commander and a brave

soldier.

Mrs. Bailey took quite an active part in church and social work and their names were famous all over the country.

There was a small sand hill near where William Fleming lived at the end of West Berry Street.

The Methodist College stood west on Main Street. Mr. Robertson was one of the first presidents of this college and it grew to be a wonder in this section of the country, people coming from all the surrounding country. I, C. M. Comparet, attended that school and was personally acquainted with Mr. & Mrs. Robertson and thought them very fine people. The boys and girls came from far and near to that school, colleges being far apart. They have now an association consisting of boys and girls who went to school there and who meet once a year and it consists of some of the finest people in this state. Some of the names I recall; Manford Smick is one of the members; C. M. Comparet. In 1861 when the war broke out and the call came for 7500 men for Mr. Lincoln; then afterwards the call for 300,000 men during the war a great many of the southern people after that call sent their daughters north to this college and it was filled up with southern girls.

I remember one time of a bunch of these girls having been taken by my sister to stay a week at our home that the girls addressed my father and mother and asked if they would care if they came down and played some of the southern songs and my father said while you are in this home you do anything that you want to. I think four of these girls married in this city and one of the girls became a teacher in our public schools.

The Lutherans bought a piece of land in the east part of town, put up a school building I think in 1858. Afterwards they built houses for their professors and today they have one of the finest school buildings and gymnasium rooms of any college in the State of Indiana.

Francisco's Business college used the upstairs of the now Randall Hotel and many a boy received their education in writing and bookkeeping at this splendid college.

THE FORT WAYNE FIRE DEPARTMENT

Charles Creditor who was part Indian was the first to organize a small bucket brigade to protect the small houses from fire. This man organized a brigade of about forty men. After a little while citizens got together and bought two hand engines with long side pumps that took ten men on each side to throw the water. After while the city bought more of these hand engines and had them divided around the city--one on Broadway and another at the Market House between Berry and Main Street. The citizens turned out there and made some wells to hold water which was used for fire purposes.

After that came the Alert Hook and Ladder Company. The cisterns were built and the firemen brought their engines up to the cistern, dropped their suction down and pumped the water and the hose pumped about an inch stream and threw it on the fire. The firemen when on parade wore red shirts, some blue and some white shirts for the different companies, with a cap with the name of the company on the front. After while a hook and ladder company was organized and called the Alert Hook and Ladder Company. Joe Fry was the foreman. This was one of the great boasts of Fort Wayne. A large number of people gathered to see the parades which took in the whole department.

After this three other machines were bought and they were called "The Rescue", the "Wideawakes" and "The Torrents". Some of the chiefs were Chief Creditor, H. Poiser, C. Hilbert, George Humphrey, Joe Bookwalter, Louis Bourie, Tom Mannix, Frank Vogel and Joe Fry.

There was a company called the Gallant Hose. This was a real swell company. The foreman was Samuel Morss, with M. Dawson and John Olds of the Olds Wagon Works members. When on parade they wore white shirts, big cone hats, white gloves. They were a bunch of grand fellows, the pride of Fort Wayne.

When a new steam fire engine was bought and added to the department, it was called the Frank Randall and sure was a fine engine. Frank Vogel was its foreman. Later on the Vigilance was added to the Fire department. It was bought by the city and Hugh Hogan was its foreman. He was also foreman at the Pennsylvania shops. He was the pride of the department. Frank and Harry Hogan

are his sons.

Among the worst fires in which the Fort Wayne fire department assisted, was the fire at the D. F. Comparet mill, finest mill in the state. It was six stories high, had iron shutters to shut off any fire that might come. Two big warehouses joined the mill and this prevented the fire from getting into the warehouses. The bins were all filled with grain, wonderful pile of hides and furs in the warehouses, a big corn sheller that turned out twenty-five hundred bushels of corn a day.

It was an awful cold night and everything froze, the streets and the buildings were a glare of ice. After a long hard fight, they subdued the flames, the mill was wrecked, but the warehouses with the grain were saved. Frank Vogel was chief engineer of the fire department at the time and fought the fire. We had no long ladders in those days and the boys had to climb up over the warehouses and put the hose into the holes cut into the brick in order to let the water through. A great many of the firemen got severe colds. A good many of them took pneumonia and died.

SECRET SOCIETY!

There was an organization in the city made up principally of the fire department members called the IKZ's, Independent Knights of Zoroaster. Their hall was on West Columbia Street across from the site of the Wayne Hotel, then the Columbia House.

This club had two floors, the third and the fourth. Big vats in these rooms were used for making wine and whiskey. The organization created quite a lot of excitement in the city. All the swell fellows in the city were going into it and the great fun part was in their initiation. Frequently in giving a man the initiation they had a big slide, and the boys would blindfold a man, slide him into the canal and then draw him back into their clubrooms. The initiation was startling and funny and the boys always came to the meeting to see the work done.

First they took a fellow in and obligated him and he took the oath not to divulge any of the secrets of the organization. Then they

would take him up on a ladder to one of these big vats, give him the initiation, finally end up by pulling a trap door and let him go down into this vat. Then they would draw him out, change his clothes to a real old suit--no fit to the suit--and proceed to put him into a large wagon with large wheels, ride him up and down the room over cross ties, and give him a jolting he would never forget. Then they would fetch him up to the altar and ask him if he was ever fumigated. He would say "No", and they would proceed to fumigate him. They had a little box with a stick on the end of it to hold by and they would proceed to fumigate him. They would have in this box chicken feathers. They would light the feathers and you may know what the smell was!

All kinds of tricks were played on a man which were sometimes taken very bravely and sometimes they would fight very hard. This organization numbered about four hundred young men. Lots of the young men worked at the Olds Wagon Works. When they had a great parade in the city these young fellows turned out wooden cannons, a wooden gun. As a part of the parade, there was a gun squad and an infantry squad of soldiers. Men on horseback rode at the front of the procession which headed toward Ex-Mayor Randall's house. There was Sam Morss, Grand Marshall, to deliver the speech. Mayor Randall made a little talk, John Colerick a little talk and after a great big bonfire down on the corner of Berry and Calhoun Street, they went back to the hall and spent the rest of the night in feasting and smoking. A wonderful turkey--plenty of it--was served; that wound up the IKZ's and there were no more parades and no more amusements.

After that the Odd Fellows, Masons and other lodges took the place and gave the boys an excuse for staying out nights. There was \$50.00 offered as a reward to any lady that would give the meaning of IKZ. Some fellow went to a beautiful girl whose mother was a very poor woman and washed for a living, and tipped her off so she got the \$50.00. The girl's name was Mary Marthlowe.

A great many of the boys always thought that Henry Colerick had given this name away but he would never admit it and all the boys were glad that Mary Marthlowe had the money for she was one of the handsomest girls in the town.

EARLY PHYSICIANS

One of the leading physicians here in the early days was Dr. William H. Brooks. He lived on the Southwest corner of Calhoun and Superior Streets. He had three daughters and one son. A daughter Carrie married Henry Olds; Amelia married James Kane; Clements Brooks and son George Brooks. Mrs. Brooks was an invalid and I would go to get the girls and take them out to the farm where they would slide down the straw stacks.

Dr. Brooks took care of all the men in the mills and warehouses and the men on the boats when they came in here, for the Comparet Mill. He was a wonderful counselor and one of the finest doctors in the state, and always carried a forceps with him to pull a tooth if necessary.

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Dr. B. S. Woodworth lived on West Berry Street, had four children; Charlie, Carrie (married Mr. Muirhead), Lura and Laura who married Horace Granger. The family lived on the Northwest corner of Berry and Jackson Street. Dr. Woodworth was the doctor for Judge Hanna's, the McCulloch's and some of the finest families in the city.

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Dr. Rowan lived on the corner of Barr Street and E. Washington on the southeast corner. He had children; Mollie who married James B. Harper, and Stephen. I went to the High School with Mrs. Harper when the school was located at the corner of Clay and E. Washington.

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Dr. Isaac M. Rosenthal lived on East Berry Street where his son Mr. Maurice Rosenthal lives today. Dr. Rosenthal was a French Jew, a very brilliant man and was admitted to the practice of medicine under the French government. When he came to this country, there were a great many French in this country and they gave about all their business to him.

Dr. Rosenthal was a short heavy set man and very popular with all of the people here at that time, being a very pleasant man. He had two sons, Dr. Maurice Rosenthal now at the St. Joe Hospital and Mr. Milton Rosenthal and two daughters. (Dr. I. M. Rosenthal was born in Wurtemberg, Germany in 1837)

The family has a record of their father's life dictated by him on a dictaphone.

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Dr. W. H. Myers lived on West Wayne Street on the south side near Fulton. He was married to a sister of Dr. Van Sweringen. After her death he remarried. The son by his first wife was adopted by his second wife. Darwin Myers was his son by his second wife.

Dr. Myers was a good surgeon. He had a good heart and would operate on a man whether he was paid or not, and died a very poor man. He was a Spiritualist.

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Dr. C. B. Stemen lived on the southeast corner of Broadway and Main. He was the father of four sons and three daughters. Names I recall are sons George, Albert, Charles; daughters Harriet, married Dr. Macbeth, May, Catharine. Dr. Stemen was dean of the Medical College on Superior Street.

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Dr. A. P. Buchman lived on the corner of Harrison and Wayne Street, had one daughter Emma. Dr. Buchman organized the Physicians Defense Company in this city and was the first president of the Medical Society. He was a soldier in the army. Theosophist.

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Dr. James Daly lived on West Berry Street in a yellow brick house on the north side between Harrison and Calhoun. This doctor introduced a new theory here. He would bleed a patient and was quite successful in this. He was a very tall man, died in 1845 of blood poisoning. Dr. Daly had four boys and three girls; the boys were Herbert, Charlie, Joe and Frank; daughters Caroline, Minnie, and Harriet. They were very accomplished and were music teachers.

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Dr. Charles A. Schmitz was one of the leaders among the German Doctors and lived on Swinney Avenue in a big brick house. He had a large Lutheran practice. He treated nearly all the Lutheran boys. He had three girls.

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(Our informant must refer here to Major Samuel Lewis)

Dr. Lewis lived on East Lewis Street, and Lewis Street was named for him. Dr. Lewis was very prominent and lived in a

large brick house on East Lewis Street. They had about two acres of garden filled with flowers and fruit trees, a large barn and a bake oven in their yard, smoke house and large brick chicken house and all of the very finest of furniture was sent from New York.

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Dr. (Merchant W.) Huxford was one of the first doctors and had a lovely home on Spy Run Avenue which is still standing (1928)--a large brick house painted white, a large frame barn on the back part of the lot, fine wood-house and an outside bake oven. All of the homes in those days had beautiful carriages and fine horses. Carriages were shipped here from Boston. He had four children, two boys and two girls. Merch Huxford was the oldest, and Sam Huxford, fine looking fellows. One daughter who married Ed Baldwin who was afterwards colonel of the 12th Indiana and was a very brave man and served all through the war.

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Dr. Ferguson lived on West Main Street. Was a surgeon in the 142nd Indiana Volunteers commanded by John M. Comparet who was a colonel. Dr. Ferguson lived here quite a good many years and was a fine doctor and brave man. A son of Dr. Ferguson is still here (1928) and is in the practice of medicine.

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Dr. Charles E. Sturgis, the father of Mrs. McCaskey and Miss Sadie Sturgis, lived on East Creighton Avenue.

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Dr. L. G. Thompson's home was on east Berry Street--now owned by Mrs. Lancaster.

SOME EARLY ATTORNEYS IN FORT WAYNE

One of the old families in this city was the Colerick family. The father of Henry Colerick was David H. Colerick, one of the leading lawyers one hundred years ago. I knew him and have talked with him many times. He had three girls and six boys. The boys were all lawyers: John, Phil, Tom, Walpole who served in Congress, David and Henry. The girls were Margaret--Mrs. Larwill, Eliza-

beth and Susan--all highly educated. They lived on East Berry Street in the house recently purchased by the city and torn down.

David Colerick lived to be 94 years old. These boys were all good criminal lawyers, always on one side of each criminal case tried in this county and many cases tried out of the county.

Edward Colerick, a cousin of Henry, built the Colerick Opera House on East Columbia Street just off Barr Street on the north side. When this opera house was dedicated it was the only thing of its kind in the state and people came here from all the surrounding territory and the opening lasted one week. A troupe came here from New York to play.

Edward Colerick had three children--Mrs. Tom Hanna, Charlie Colerick and Margaret Colerick.

Another Colerick, a cousin of Henry, had a candy store and an ice cream parlor on Clinton Street between Main and Columbia on the west side. Home made ice cream and home made candies.

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Judge Reuben S. Dawson was judge of the Circuit Court of Allen County for quite a while. He lived on the North Side of East Berry Street between Lafayette and Barr.

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Judge Borden, Judge of the Criminal Court for many years was a brother-in-law of Charles Taft of Cincinnati, Ohio. He tried some of the most noted cases in the state and was considered a wonderful judge in Criminal Law. Forty-two years he was on the bench.

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Judge Robert Lowry, Judge of the Circuit Court, was judge for twenty-two years. Judge Lowry and his family came here from Goshen, Indiana. He was considered a great judge of the law and gained great honor by wonderful decisions which were hardly ever decided against him. Two daughters were Anna and Charlotte; two boys Harry and Robert.

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Old Peltier home--on the corner facing Lewis near Clinton. Mrs. Meeghan, the daughter of Mr. Peltier lived on Clinton Street near the corner of Lewis.

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There was a blacksmith shop on the spot where the Nickel Plate depot now stands, on the old canal.

East of that was the old woolen mill, then the Baker Saw-mill. The logs that supplied the mill were brought in on the old canal and rolled over off the boat into the hollow where the mill stood, and then a log carrier ran up the incline into the mill which stood high.

The woolen mills were run by Mr. Jefferds and William Kirkham. The farmers brought in the wool and it was made into blankets, flannel, yarn and cloth for homespun pants. Mr. Jefferds took care of the business and William Kirkham who came from England was a weaver. (Theodore Dreiser's father lived here and made wooden frames for the woolen mill.)

The farmers traded their wool for blankets, cloth and yarn.

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At one time the post office was where the D. N. Foster Furniture stood on Court Street. Mr. Drake was one of the postmasters. John G. Maier, father of Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Meriwether, was an early postmaster.

Peter Kiser's store was on Calhoun Street right across the alley facing Calhoun. He was a very tall man, lank, well-proportioned large-boned man, medium light hair. He had a son who worked for my father. The home of Peter Kiser was (where the Art School was) diagonally across from the Library on West Wayne Street.

On Columbia east of Calhoun were the DeWald Dry Goods, Kaag Store, Ross and Ames, A. C. Heustis Candy, Morgan and Beach Hardware, Mac Dougal Carpet Store. On the corner was a building with a stairway leading up to the second floor where the Superintendent of the Old Canal and the Collector had their office. A. C. Probasco was the first collector that I knew.

NOTES GIVEN TO MRS. PERRY A. RANDALL

By Mrs. Julia Stapleford
Wife of Charles Stapleford
January 5, 1935

My grandfather, George Baker came from Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, in the year 1832 or 1833 to New York, then travelled from there to Pittsburgh, and to Cincinnati on the Ohio River. Leaving Cincinnati, then to Dayton, Ohio, on the Canal, then by wagon travelled to St. Mary's or as the locality was then called "The Black Swamp". Here a flatboat was built and the family embarked on the St. Mary's River to Fort Wayne.

The journey occupied ten days and during most of the time it rained continually. That is, the trip from Pittsburgh to Fort Wayne took ten days. The only houses on Calhoun Street at that time were a log cabin where the Aveline Hotel was built later, one on the opposite corner afterwards occupied by the Old National Bank, one on the northeast corner, and one on the northwest corner of Wayne and Calhoun. A house stood on the site of the Old Sentinel building on Calhoun between Wayne and Washington on the east side. Later the Lesner Hotel, a frame building, was erected nearby. I believe that on that spot J. B. White built the first Y.M. C.A.

Across the street was the Wolke home. There was quite a large lot around the residence which was enclosed by a hedge fence. The Swinney girls, the Wolke girls, the Glutting girls, and my mother, were schoolmates in the Sisters' School which was located as well as I can remember at the present site of the Sisters' School at the corner of Jefferson and Calhoun.

I believe that I am correct about the location of the school as I recall my mother telling me that she was not afraid because she had to pass through the cemetery to go to school. The first Catholic cemetery was located where the Cathedral now stands and my mother's remains lie close to the south side door of the Cathedral. Chief Richardville's remains are lying nearby.

The first Catholic church was built at the corner of Lewis and Clinton.

One incident that I recall about the school is my mother telling me of the cruelty of one of the teachers, William M. Wal-

ters. He had a stick of wood that had been split leaving sharp edges that the pupils were made to kneel on when they did not have their lessons.

GOOD FOR HELEN!

My mother was kept after school and supposed to kneel on this sharp wood, but Helen Peltier beckoned to her to come on. Mother replied that she could not go as she would be punished, but Helen Peltier insisted and mother followed. Then Helen told mother to run ahead of her and if Mr. Walters came after her, she would take care of him. The three ran, and going through a tomato patch she picked up a rotten tomato and threw it, striking the teacher square in the face.

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At the corner of Lewis and Clinton was the residence of Colonel Spencer.

O yes, I recall the names of the Wolke sisters! They were Eliza and Ursula, and there was a brother Frank Wolke.

The names of the Glutting children were Elizabeth (Lizzie), and Frank.

Rev. Julian Benoit was the pioneer missionary priest at the little Catholic Church on the corner of Lewis and Clinton Streets. My Uncle Killian Baker assisted at the funeral of Chief Richardville, Chief of the Miamis, as altar boy, and verified my statement that Chief Richardville was buried at the south side of the present site of the Cathedral.

The Baker family were here fifteen years before the first locomotive came down what is now Lafayette Street past my home at the corner of Main and Lafayette Streets.

Five of us brothers and sisters--Julia, Henry, Catherine, (now Catherine Muller) John, and Ambrose were born at the corner of Main and Lafayette Street. My other brothers and sisters--Margaret and Lawrence, Ellen and Gertrude were born at the old Baker Homestead at the southeast corner of Bayer and Delaware Avenue.



Henry Baker



Mary Daugherty Baker

The Stapleford residence was located where the Kunkel Valve Works used to be, back of the Market House between Wayne and Berry Streets.

My grandfather Patrick Daugherty, I think, came to Fort Wayne during the construction of the canal. He was timekeeper and bookkeeper for the company of men that built the canal and had to move as the canal was built.

I recall my mother telling me about a log cabin with a large fireplace in it, and she fried and roasted, using a large kettle and the Indians liked her cooking so much better than their way that they would bring venison and fish for her to cook, and then lie stretched out on the floor and wait until the venison or fish would be cooked. They were very kind and always left some for her. They admired my mother because she was a very pretty blue-eyed young lady with rosy cheeks which the Indians would pinch.

Mother was eight years old when her mother died. When she died Dr. Sturgis was the physician. He came and when he saw that grandmother was passing away, he said, "Since you are alone I want to know what you want done with your children?" and she answered, "Doctor, I do not know, what can I do?" His reply was "I will take little Mary and raise her as my own as I have no girls."

Michael Hedekin then lived in the home that was afterwards owned by Congressman James Robinson and he adopted a posthumous boy, Patrick Daugherty. One priest took Thomas to New Haven and Little Johnny was taken by the family of McKnight who kept a hotel four miles down on the Canal toward Roanoke.

I think my grandfather and grandmother Daugherty came from Antrim, Lethrim County, Ireland. Coming first to Rochester, N. Y. and from there to Indiana. They called this "The Great West."

Michael Hedekin

A remarkable old gentleman was Michael Hedekin. He had by his first wife three children, two daughters and a son. One daughter married Mr. McDougall who kept a carpet store on Columbia Street between Barr and Clinton, and had two children Charles and Katherine. His second wife had no children and they

adopted Patrick Daugherty, my uncle.

Mrs. Hedekin died and Mr. Hedekin gave Uncle Patrick to the Orphans' Home at Vincennes. From the palatial home of the Hedekins where he was given every care, he was taken from the Orphans' Home and bound out to a Frenchman, a farmer with a big family.

After mother and father were married--Henry Baker and Mary Daugherty--she kept worrying for her little brother and it went on for a number of years and mother could not locate the boy. Mr. Hedekin did not know and finally Mr. Hedekin passed away.

Then father, feeling to comfort mother, said he recalled Omig Bird telling him that Mr. Hedekin had told him that the boy had been bound out to a farmer, so he instructed Mr. Bird to watch for the boy when he was making his trips through the country to purchase timber. Mr. Bird was a timber buyer and my father had a sawmill with his brothers.

One day Mr. Bird came to my father and said "Henry, I have found your boy. Your wife had reason to worry. The little fellow plows ten acres of corn and is half fed and he has never felt a bed but has slept on the straw and under old rags, washes the diapers for the small children, has no clothes."

He instructed father how to get him. Father left the house without telling my mother where he was going. He said, "I am going away now and may not be home tonight. He went to the Frenchman, hiring a carriage to take him to this farm. As my father went toward the house the boy was coming in from the field with an old pair of pants torn almost to the waist, barefooted, peaked-looking as though half-starved. Father said to him, "What is your name?" He stopped and looked at my father. "My name is Patrick". "What is your other name?" He said, "I do not know my mother's name."

About that time the old father made his appearance, reached out his hand and wanted to shake hands with my father. Father would not accept his hand but turned and looking at the boy, asked, "Is this boy bound to you to live with you until he is twenty-one?" He said, "Yes Sir. What is it your business?" My father then said, "He is my brother-in-law. I have a good home and am ready to keep him and I am taking him home with me."

The other man said, "You cannot do it."

My father took the little boy by the shoulder and said, "Patrick, get your clothes on. I am taking you to your sister."

The boy answered, "I have no other clothes."

At that my father said to the man, "It is time you are taking care of your own children. I will take care of this little boy."

There were words between them. Father said, "I will take law that you are not taking care of him."

Then father said to Patrick, "Come along and get into the buggy."

The Frenchman tried to get the boy out of the buggy but father resisted saying now the boy would have a home.

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Leading from our home to the old apple orchard, we crossed first the Canal bridge and then the river bridge about at Clay Street over the Maumee and along the side of the Maumee there was a path leading to the "Birds Paradise", a thicket of grapevines, hazel brush and wild crabapples.

Among my mother's friends were Ellen Donovan, Tim and Mike Donovan, Julia Hedekin--later Julia MacDougal--for whom I was named.

I recall one incident of Douglas' visit to Fort Wayne. Father placed a flag in the attic window--one of those semi-circular windows built in the old homes. We stood outside watching Douglas pass in a carriage as they paraded through the streets of Fort Wayne.

